NAZI DIS-ILLUSION

Poems for the Man to Come…

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To Dad

(10 June 1945 – 25 Feb 2015)

A giant born amid the smouldering ruins of a Race,

The life he lived was fuller than most,

Just shy of the Golden Morn he died,

His Loyalty and Honor still in place.

To Death!

Acknowledgements

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The gods, who know they cannot die, admire and perhaps even envy the sublime courage of heroes who don't know they cannot die and who, nevertheless, voluntarily give their lives for an ideal, for a dream. Is there anything more beautiful?

– Miguel Serrano, *The Golden Cord*

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FOREWORD

(On the Word ‘Nazi’)

“We are Nazis. *Ig-nazis.* From fiery. Nazi is an initiation word, with a vocation always represented by the Sieg Rune, We are also barbarians and pagans.”

– Miguel Serrano, *Manu: ‘For The Man To Come’*

There is something mysterious and unintelligible about the word **Nazi**. One feels oneself to be a Nazi deep within the blood of one’s fiery-hot heart. Nazi is a magickal, ineffable word for the reincarnated souls of the Third Reich, for those scattered throughout the Germanic Diaspora who do not speak German as their first language. To “be a Nazi” is something that is therefore *felt with the beating heart* and not reasoned by the intellect. This is something that has developed most strongly after 1945, post Ragnarök (after the Apocalypse), when Germany was reduced to a pile of smoking rubble and ashes.

Unlike its National Socialist predecessor, **Nazism** developed outside of Germany, underground, as the Hitlerian movement became something spiritual,

magickal. It was no longer dominated by the purely exoteric or Party-driven political side of the National Socialist Weltanschauung, but increasingly developed along *esoteric* and *spiritual* lines, which were much more in keeping with the traditions of the SS. Indeed, after the War, Nazism transubstantiated itself into a pure and uncompromising Kosmic Will, a total Cosmogony. This is true even if the majority of post-War "National Socialist" or "Nazi" parties didn't yet realize the metamorphosis taking shape. Regardless, they undoubtedly must have noticed the sheer political impotence of their endeavors, and yet also the fact that there was a growing Hitlerian spiritual awareness among the Kameraden.

Etymologically, the word "Nazi" stems, in part, from the abbreviated pronunciation of "Nation," derived retrospectively from the first two syllables of *Nationalsozialistische* – as in the *Nationalsozialistische Deutsche Arbeiterpartei* (National Socialist German Workers' Party) which was the German political party headed by Adolf Hitler between 1920 and 1945. In Germany, during this period, it was not common to abbreviate the name of a political party. Only rarely were the names of parties abbreviated, as was the case with the phrase "Nazi-Sozi," created by Dr. Joseph Goebbels. And when Dr. Goebbels employed this phrase, he did so in order to appeal to the non-German speaking Aryan peoples

who were potentially sympathetic to the ideology of National Socialism. He was not looking to propagandize the German people by this term. This is why his famous pamphlet *The Nazi-Sozi* was written in a rather simplistic question-and-answer format; it was directed toward foreigners. At that time, a member of the NSDAP (the National Socialist German Workers' Party) would obviously refer to all fellow Party-members as *Germans* and not "Nazis." Similarly, one would not call another Party-member a "Sozi," because, first of all, that is not a properly defining term. And secondly, one would not want to confuse any Party-members with the far-left *Sozialdemokratische Partei*, which was a bitter rival of the NSDAP before the latter came to hegemonic power in 1933.

In any case, the word **Nazi** is obviously the defining part of the linguistic expression "Nazi-Sozi." This is why George Lincoln Rockwell decided to call his party the American *Nazi* Party and why Colin Jordan had used the phrase "Universal *Nazism*" – because Nazi is the more Universal (less narrowly German) term. In choosing to identify as Nazis, these great Men of Destiny were spiritually charged or *ignited*, as *Ignazis*. One can thus comprehend some of the other etymological roots of the word Nazi, particularly those which are spiritually infused with racial meaning. For example, "Nation" is derived from the Latin word

Natalis – "pertaining to birth or origin," from *natus*, the past participle of *nasci*, "to be born" in Latin. Hence the English words: nat-ion, nat-ive, nat-ture. *Nation* = Race of people, *natio* = race. Here, the meaning of the word "Nation" *must not* be confused with anything that is bourgeois in either the petty or narrow (civic) "nationalist" sense. Our definition of the word "Nation" is instead Racial and Spiritual. It is to this latter NAZI conception of Nationhood that we Hitlerians proudly, defiantly attribute all meaning to life.

And indeed it is true – in a Spiritual, Kosmic, Universal sense – that since the end of the exoteric Reich in 1945, the term "nationalist" does not and cannot describe those of us who proudly identify as Hitlerists, which is to say, as disciples of Adolf Hitler. Not because we have any deep-seated feelings of animosity to the terms "nationalist" or "nationalism," but because these terms are dead, having been erased long ago by the all-consuming tide of global corporatism. In this our Hitlerian Era, the nations of old are dead, non-existent, gone forever. In similar fashion, the term "socialist" does not and cannot describe us either, since socialism is as dead as nationalism. And yet in reality, in this nightmarish postmodern age, we cannot be described accurately as "National Socialists" either – at least not in the traditional sense. Only in acknowledging our fundamental roots, our German

National Socialist Provenance, can we be described as National Socialists.

In our present time, post Ragnarök (post 1945), we are neither Nationalists nor Socialists, nor the sum total of both. We are instead… ***NAZIS***, and also **neo-Nazis** because we are something new, a new Nazi as part of a New Race. For we, post 1945, were born without a race, without a people, without a nation, with neither a fatherland nor motherland, without any land at all, and therefore we have had no social life, and no common good, nor common community from which a social life can be developed. We are the dispossessed and disinherited, deprived of our ancestral birthright by our ancestors themselves! See *Third Reich Pilgrim* where this post-existential philosophy is expostulated in textual and graphical detail.

Above all, the reader should understand that *politically* the National Socialist Party ended as a viable Force in the year 1945. Thereafter, the remnants of the Hitlerian movement, especially those tied to the SS, went underground and National Socialism, fundamentally German in origin, transformed into something else, something more, and most of all, something *esoteric* – meaning something not to be shared by the vulgar and hopelessly democratized masses, but only by the True (or rather *Treu*) Initiates who already understood (and profoundly!) that

National Socialism was never just a mere political ideology. Thus, NAZISM was born!

Naturally then, a great many of the isolated Hitlerian *Kämpfer* who, for the past 70 years, have held fast to this "something" called Nazism are the first to refer to themselves as **Nazis** (and proudly so!). They feel in their beating heart of hearts that they are *Nazi*, even if it is only secretly spoken to the glistening tears falling from the gathering sphere, something unintelligible, out of the polar zone, a natal mystery conceived within the Green Thunderbolt beyond the Black Sun. Once a Nazi, Eternal Nazi… this cannot be undone.

To conclude, the word "Nazi" is an esoteric word. And the work of prose you are about to read, *NAZI DIS-ILLUSION*, is indeed an esoteric *Nazi* work. Divided into five main parts with a brief "Fall of Man" interlude and a final poem from which this work receives its title, *NAZI DIS-ILLUSION* by Kamerad Kristof von Kanwetzburg is a fine addition to the growing list of Esoteric Hitlerist works put out by such contemporary Torch Bearing publishers as Hermitage Helm Corpus and The 55 Club, among others. Indeed, the spiritually-based writings contained within the pages of *NAZI DIS-ILLUSION* comprise, *in toto*, a powerful literary addition to the Weltanschauung of Nazism for all time – past, present and future.

HEIL HITLER!

Siddharreich
Neuschwabenland
In the year of our Lord, 129 H.E.

PT. 1
VERSE

Hakenkreuz, Thou Sacred Cross

Hakenkreuz, thou sacred cross,
tell us your origin;
precosmogonic egg,
or single bead of sweat from Wotan's brow?
We know you represent All-Father,
Avatar and Führer, All in One –
as such, you revolve both ways,
propelled by the carefully placed force
of your holiest emanations,
the grand-runes:
Ar, Tyr, Odal, Sig (Ger)
– "Artyros," the way of clockwise expansion –
Ger, Odal, Tyr, Ar
– "Gota," the way of counterclockwise return
–

In your midst, oh sacred Fylfot,
dwell your immediate offspring,
a Husband and Wife,
Total Man and Total Woman;
there they sit, in the Polar center,
the double Hagal Rune, entwined,
eternally fixed,
as the rocks of the Externsteine,
presiding in majesty like Poseidon on his
throne;

resplendently defiant like sacred Helgoland,
jutting out of the deep… there they sit:
Rasse und *Vaterrecht*
(Anima et Animus),
jealously guarding their four children
– Ar, Tyr, Odal, SigGer (Reggis) –
and their twelve grandchildren:
Idee, Träger, Verbreiter (born of Ar-Kultur);
Volk, Führer, Staat (sired by Tyr-ein);
Blut, Boden, Erbe (the fruit of Odal's loins);
Nicht-Wucher, Arbeit, Sozialismus (SigGer's pride and joy).

Intently the All-Father watches the dance of his Blood,
from within the darkest depths of the Invisible Light,
to the luciferous clarity of its casting shadow,
from below and beyond;
the Black Sun binding all in super Ehrean Communion,
Invisible, Holy, visible, unholy…

We, the Elite, biding our time,
waiting our turn in unison,
for the days of Final Victory,
striving only to make Our Father proud.

The Necessary War

"Wotan is Hitler who, with the foreknowledge obtained from the well of Mimir, knew that Germany would lose the battle of Ragnarök, and that his children would be consumed in fiery rivers of blood, he knew of the doom that was to come, that has now come, and that doom is called 'Zion'."

– Karl Young, *Third Reich Pilgrim*

Apologists, redactors,
grown men with little minds, automatons
mimicking the memes and methods of Liars
(whom they claim to despise),
repugnant shadows of the Enemy,
degraded jewbots extraordinaire –
some words for you now…
listen if you dare.

Was it a defensive War?
  Yes.
Was it a righteous War?
  Yes.
Did It need to be fought?
  Yes.
(And it's the latter which matters most.)

So, even if the Lie was true –
that Germania "started" the War,
that she was to blame, the "sole aggressor,"
it really wouldn't matter for this one simple fact:
The Bride of Hermann was ready to Storm.
And nothing in Hell could've held her back.

If the Führer didn't know it, his Avatar did.
If the Führer didn't know it, his Avatar did!

Yes, the Bride-Spirit Teutonicus
needed a cleansing;
a great trial by fire Empyrean-
racial conflagration,
after centuries of blood pollution,
degradation,
instigated by the Enemy,
the *Deutsches Volk* demanded purification,
the blood screamed out for it…
consciously or not, the *Minne* was activated.

The alchemical transmutation
  from "lead" to "gold" ensued;
the only way to achieve this:
  by adding sulfur to the mix,
regenerating the Blood through fire,
  purifying it
for future trials to come…

Our Lord of Racial Alchemy – he understood this well;
We recall his fateful promise from on high:
If the Fatherland lost the War,
the German Volk deserved to die.
And yet again the Valkyrie's Blood is tested,
hardened, *Battle Steeled,*
to take the next leap backward,
to Purity, Parity,
back to the Ur-igin,
Entirety…
Alt-Ida's Field.

Thus ever must we remain qualitative,
able to vanquish all ant-like nations
lined up like Asians against us,
from time immemorial –
those villainous *all-lies*,
with sweet vinegar on their lips
and stolen spear held to our backs;
the Devil's own embrace.

And though this People, set aside by Providence,
were and still remain superior to the rest,
the Avatar knew the majority, the masses,
would betray their birthright –
their Nation, their Leader,

hence collective Destiny;
only the loyal few remain true.
Their Honor is Loyalty.

Such is the eternal nature of quality;
ever shall it be outnumbered,
and ever shall it reign supreme.

Those who died as Martyrs,
those who went to their graves, unrepentant,
totally convinced of the Mission and none of
the "shame" –
they attained, in spirit, a qualitative Win,
too great for any mere mortal to comprehend.
They sit among the ones the beast-men call
"divine."

Others, still fewer in number,
physically resurrected, with the Führer,
in the phantom convoy, the *Caleuche* –
to the warm-water oases they sailed,
far away, beneath the ice…
there they rebuilt and regrouped
in the strictest of secrecy,
increasing their strength
for the future Battle to end all battles,
in the Great War which really never ended.

So you see,

one shouldn't obsess on who "started" the War;
it needed to be waged like never before,
any way possible,
for Race and for Nation,
for basic survival…
The Struggle of Deutschland,
a righteous revival.

The Führer didn't want war.
His Avatar knew…
He had no choice.

Aesir, the Holy Name Stolen

Aesir, the holy name stolen,
raped and ravaged,
like so many Aryan women
by Red savage terror;
Aesir sanctity flipped inside out,
shuffled around,
into the unholy anagram, “Israe,”
upon the sinking of a once great land –
its orphaned Race expunged, expelled,
by a blood-thirsty brood of usurping swine,

the sons of Eber,
anti-Asen pawns of the Devil,
vipers,
assassinator slaves of Atlantis,
cannibalistic flesh-eating beast-men,
mischlinge miscreants,

those that sacrificed their prey
(an entire Volk named Hansel-and-Gretel)
before the accursed Krodo Altar,
the vile “Ark” of the Untermensch!
Only the strength of Siegfried could save
what was left of the Gral, the holy Remnant,
now scattered far and wide,
like the body of Osiris.

Only in the Far North do some still retain
a vague memory of the truth…
Thievery and blood-lust,
the only things the beast-men know.

Lucifer and Lilith

Lucifer and Lilith
walking the sky, across the vast expanse,
two souls separated at birth,
ever striving to reunite in sacred A-mor,
Prince and Princess,
the Fallen, beloved of God –
we salute you!

Lucifer and Lilith,
Son and Daughter of Anakim –
Light Father of the Golden Age,
now Sat-turned prisoner of demiurgic
Darkness,
spellbound, still waiting to be freed
from the castle door of golden death.

Lucifer and Lilith
walking the sky, they long to cross paths
as only the Sun and Moon can
(actually *two Suns*, invisible and not,
ineffably joined in *SS* bliss),
twin consorts of Aldebaran
united in separation eternal,
pining for a chance occurrence
filled with meaningful victory
in their perpetual Kampf against Evil,

the Setting sun,
that multiracial serpent called “Empire”
(poisoner of the Blood, plagiaristic machine).

O, Lucifer and Lilith, hear me I pray!
Most Blessed and Beautiful
walking the sky, across the vast expanse,
only “rebels” could love you –
and we, the chosen few, de-Light,
we *revel* in such a name.
By your side we stand ready for War,
432,000 strong,
around the flaming sword of Kalki,
ready to crush the animal-men to dust
beneath the noble hooves of Sleipnir –
symbol of Venus,
blinding in his silvery radiance,
pure as the driven snow, vicious as the fires of hell.

HEIL, Lucifer and Lilith!
The New Dawn awaits.
Take now thy rightful place with child, Ra,
Falcon King of the new Millennium.
Lucifer and Lilith,
a Golden Age unknown awaits…

Occitania, Catalonia

"Occitania, Catalonia –
  Holy Gralic Realm of Oses, Goths and
  Alans,
your secrets far from known,
  even to the wisest men…"

From thy magic peaks and dales
  shall come a mounted Savior,
blue of blood with flaming lance
  upon the sky he rides,
defiant as the Montsalvat,
  his Emerald Stone in hand.
And there upon his breath –
  Behold! The Judgment of the world.
So bitter are the spirits of Aquarius,
  that water-bearing dove.

By your strength, O mighty Godan!
  "The Salvation of a Race in Val d'Aran"
shan't e'er be sever'd,
  for 'tis written 'pon the Gral in auric thread
and is of Heaven;
  firmly anchored is the cord
of olden Earth,
  Other, Alterior.

Accept now your Oath,
Knights Errant of the Golden Morn,
be strong and watchful,
and in battle never waver –
but stay true, my sons
and guard the holy Gral
within your keep.
Revere the names of Parsifal and Arthur,
blessed Eschenbach and Rahn!
Hear their voices on your journey, calling:

"Occitania, Catalonia –
Holy Gralic Realm of Oses, Goths and Alans,
your secrets far from known…
even to the wisest men."

War of Extermination

"Thousands of times these Children of Hell have deserved a cruel death for the thousands of crimes that they've committed against the German people. They will soon force us to play our hand … we will thus wage a war of extermination against them."

– Hermann Wieland (1924)

War of Extermination, how good you feel!
Blood-eagle spread, to the heights I soar
with flaming blade in hand,
against the lone redoubt…
beyond the furthest shore.
The Drakkar mast unfurled,
hoisted high… higher, *HEIL!*
Back unto the Polaryan Tree, I sail.

Nothing left below but smoldering city streets,
merchants floating face down in pools of
blood,
a feast for rats and vultures.
The Herrenvolk disembarks,
now sails again…

War of Extermination, sacred death!

“SS marschiert in Feindesland,”
ever shall your Legions bear your curse,
with smile and with joy;
“und singt ein Teufelslied,”
from Ingolstadt to Stalingrad,
batt’ling Jew-luminati foes at every turn!
What brutish knave dare look us in the eye?

Thor knows the atom bomb is but a cap gun
to the dreadful strength of Mjölnir!
Maria Orsic knows the rest.
O, holy War of wanton blood,
all Valhalla screams your Name;
the sacred bonfires burning bright
for the blood of boars we’ve yet to hunt –
the Aesir thirsting…
Ja!
Children of Hell will roast tonight.

Imbibel

"*Inside every Christian is a Jew.*" – Pope Francis

Imbibe in your bible,
ye Faustian slaves of the wine press;
drink deep of the wine of forgetfulness,
  and be not!
Apollo disowned you eons ago,
as did the other Nobles of Himmelsberg,
upon seeing you surrender your heel,
shamefully, to the Serpent's venom –
the sacred Laws of Manu *spat upon!*
O, rue the day you were born, "White men"!

In supine cowardice,
you let Leviathan poison your blood,
turn you Nagan, "pagan," snake-like,
  when in fact,
the *Goten*, Children of God,
are anything but.
Alas! another swindle of Chandala-folk,
another role-reversing hoax –
now with the help of papal lackeys
to the Devil's kingdom.

By the Gods! What a disgrace!
For once you were sober, strong and pure,

ne'er would you bow before others,
much less enemy idols –
mere desert demons!

I suppose it doesn't matter now,
you're human – all too human…
and this you cannot help.
But I bid you remember this:
To be a traitor is the only human trait there is,
and you traded your noble Blood for a bowl of porridge,
your birthright for a few lousy pieces of coin.

Your master now is Yeastus,
an effeminate mongrel born in a Vat –
and there he reigns in a drunken stupor,
fornicating with whores,
fermenting the first-fruits of formerly healthy minds,
the Remnants,
whose Folk died long ago for the sin
of questioning their oppression.

Will your pontiff tell you that? –
your ponzi-scheming pyramidal papa,
Levite-illuminatus toll collector,
Matthias,
levying his unleavened lambs at the bridge,
only to drown them and cannibalize their

lifeless cadavers!
Consumer-commuters, paying the toll,
for crossing the bridge.

Old Man Widder

They used to laugh at him,
not knowing his true fame in myth and deed,
that aged son of “Transylvania,” some said,
that peasant of “Carpathia” long dead,
transplanted in the rootless earth of New Jer-
  USA-lem,
‘cross brooks and fields where once grazed
  wild steeds,
this cursed earth! Now just a bank lot
where Jehovah’s fed on loans of greed.

They used to scoff as he passed by each day,
marching down the boulevard that led to town,
and to Moriches Bay,
his double barrel always close at hand
to guard against the wolves
  (or so he said) –
oh, how the townsfolk howled!
Not knowing his insanity was nothing
  of the sort,
but coded wisdom for the wisest,
and (*God’s truth!*) for no one living –
for the sinners, not the “pious,”
for Quixotes yet to come
who will have heard someday the stories sung
of wolves, an old man and his shotgun…

And they shall not laugh,
they shall not jeer,
they'll understand (*alas!*)
that wolves are not the problem –
all you parasites and scoffers are!
You dreamless orcs who never left the town,
you *untermenschen*,
soulless clowns.

Sweet Springtide Flower

Sweet springtide flower,
  with kerchief red and smock of blue,
entombed beside Grandfather's mouldy grave,
  the verdant sweetgrass beneath your sallow
  cheeks
I still can see and touch and smell –
  O, Beatrice!
Your sister was the rosy one of fair July –
  the blushing Valkyrie Wagner bride…
Not you, my darling Beatrice,
  But no matter! …
For you share Barbarian-Alan blood,
  and how I chased thee in our youth! –
Dear love, were you really that much older?
  Was thy raven hair not golder?

Lo!
  There within the deepest chasm of
  Grandfather's crypt
lie Gothic ripples of the *Os* and *As,*
  the sacred auric thread ancestral,
vinculum betwixt the Self and blessed
  Asgard,
  from Elbrus to the Volga, I tracked the auric
  scent.
Far west into the Apennines,

yon bastion'd rocks of Bogomils,
there sits the astral Camp amidst the Pines
(waiting) –
the Elysian Fields, bless'd Paradise
(our Homeland that transcendeth Time).

In our youth, dear Beatrice,
we shared the open Manor air,
frolicking in fields where orange flowers flare
– *how protective you were of them!*
Then resting 'neath the linden near the well,
our necks entwined,
or 'neath the shaded row of evergreens –
a candied whiff of verdant apples ripening
beyond the corn and sunflowers,
the garden of our youth.
Inside the old brick hearth
of our festivities the fire blazed,
the warmth from such a hearth
has ne'er been matched, nor will it.

How I long for you, dear Beatrice! –
my faithful springtide flower.
Time was, you were so rosy-cheeked,
with tasseled locks of golden wheat and skin
so fair…
only a small purse of your sweet charm
remains,
(though 'nough to bag three-hundred lives)

yet still I pine for your embrace.

Born and died,
my darling springtide flower,
‘twas in the merry month of May,
you blossomed and you withered,
sweet rose-love, Beatrice…
I await your kiss beside Grandfather’s grave.

They March

They march with the wind beneath their feet,
to the beat of a punctured drum,
over infertile, barren land –
to which no man can lay claim.
They march as One, that reviled Volk
of dauntless fame, cursed in Life
and Death's re-Birth, the Hero's lot,
bless'd by none, His Holy Name.
They march on television screens blank,
through the murky waters of old visions
with one arm raised and one arm lowered,
torch light and crazed…
They march under a dead bridge
which finally collapses,
past newspaper clippings disintegrate,
nothing left to see or hear
but unmarked graves.
They march…

A Tale of Two Fathers

"As far back as I can recall, Father walked with a limp, his trusted cane supporting him like St. James on his way to Canis Major. That bad leg of his was only good for the Other Earth, the Better One. Valhalla knows the Gods of Fire have always been lame – their pain worn as proud signs of transcendent battle."

– The Author

Grandfather was water, cool,
to and fro he raced,
no stop signs for this Ar-man,
as city fires burned,
night after night, his steady hand remained,
through those chaotic years.
'39 to '74 – his engine roared
up and down Briggs Avenue,
'cross Bedford Park,
'twixt Webster and the Concourse,
mongrel chaos creeping further, further north,
the South Bronx is the whole world now.
Poe Cottage on the triangle defiantly remains,
once high up in the woods of Jonas Bronck,
now sandwiched 'twixt the projects of the
ghetto,

a quirky little Alamo indeed.

“Wherever spics and niggers go,
they leave a trail of fire and broken glass.”

So said Grandpa Ralph on a subject he knew
well,
his mighty hose, ladder and axe
vanquishing all subhumans below…
a wink and a nod, then comes the dry
laughter.

Father was a fire, hot,
smoke billowing upon his mouth
full of jocularity;
internal struggles in Ralph Geoffrey (raging!)
– that chipper lad who earned his way
in Freedom’s Land,
his soul trapped within the Serpent’s temple
mount of tempting fame,
an owl’s battleground that comes
with laughter and with rage;
the arsenal of gift-bearing Faust
always near at hand,
first with booze and printing press,
then with telephone-switchboards and lines,
the Devil weaves a nest superb
with which to trap the son of Cossack blood.

Father in a trawler off Point Pleasant,
  now skimming the waves of the seven seas,
not least of all the Red and Indian –
  that naval destroyer cooled his fire…
for just a little while.
  But lo! the stench of Third World ports and
  Jews
would make him rage, and rage again.
  Heroically he fought the hordes of
  untermenschen swine.

Smoke billowing, and one leg lost,
  with laughter and with rage,
like most – was finally consumed.
  Behold! his epitaph, it simply reads:

"We'll win yet."

Wayward Children, Despicable Youths!

Wayward children, despicable youths,
scared of your own shadows!

From your own reflections you flinch,
  from every last bit of nostalgia you manage
  to escape
like smoke up the chimney,
  afraid of getting burned by the red-hot
  embers of Truth below;
your souls are too vaporous,
  too weak to handle the fire.

So you follow the easy trail of lies,
  to the beat of the drum and tambourine you
  march,
ever southward in your quest for dissolution,
  for materialistic suicide,
  for inferior words written on palimpsest
  parchments,
to temporarily quench your hidden thirst for a
  better memory,
  though a superior Tradition evades your
  grasp;

So you seek your infernal “artifacts,” your
  phony relics

scattered along the disorienting cobblestone
paths of masonic deceit,
of “Egyptian” bunk and “Hindu” poppycock,
“Arab” humbug and “Chinese” junk –
Suez Canal Company *flotsam* and East India
Company *jetsam* –
Illusions all, the umbilical cord of Zion,
intended to distract the Higher Man from the
truth of his Polar origin,
to keep us from liberation, dignity… peace.

Wayward children, despicable youths –
how easily you’re led astray!

A Führer Leads the Flock

Tell me, can flesh function without blood,
or blood flow within dead veins?
Is not a foot just as important as a hand;
Yet aren't they both rendered useless without a body?

Truly, the nation without a Führer
is a wandering flock,
grazing vulnerably amidst the fields.
The words of sweet fruit and darkness
lure them into the Valley of the Arrant Pit,
whilst the surrounding hills hide an army of wolves.

Treu-ly, the Führer guides the flock to green pastures,
just as the Spirit directs the body to salvation.

Prayer of the Last Battalion

Our Führer, Adolf Hitler,
hallowed be thy Name.
Thy Eternal Reich come,
thy Will be done,
on earth as it is in Asgard.

Give us this day our daily Victory,
and let us never waver in battle,
but always remain Loyal and True.

For thine is the Reich,
and the Power, and the Glory forever.
HEIL HITLER!

DISCLAIMER

The following poem is not to be confused with the Semitic-derived "baptism" of the Christian masses. Semitic baptism (also referred to as "christening") is a ritual performed with a hidden double meaning, which actually has nothing to do with the fictitious exoteric personages of either "Jesus" or "John the Baptist." First of all, Semitic baptism is performed in order to usurp the esoteric Aryan concept of the "twice born," which originated with the ancient Aryans, and to redirect the energy of this concept toward all who are weak, degenerate, or in a word: *subhuman*. Secondly, Semitic baptism is a ceremonial ritual mimicking the ancient Atlantean deluge over the "baptized" victim – a deluge that originally occurred due to widespread race-mixing and anti-natural behavior. Semitic baptism is thus a ritual intended to sap the Aryan of his own power – to neutralize and destroy any signs of a greater Aryan consciousness – and to "drown out" all vestiges of Aryanism (which is to say, *nobility*) in the baptized. This, then, is why you get baptized, *goyim*; to better serve your Jewish masters. Like ritual circumcision, the occult power of Semitic baptism cannot be underestimated, and must be avoided at all costs…

Ur-iginal Baptism

Just as sure as Greatness does not stem from degeneracy,
and Beauty is not the result of ugliness,
there is no such thing as evolution –
only devolution, involution, from the once pure state.

There are no such things as positivism, messianism,
eschatology, progress –
these are evil bits of candy
cooked in the chocolate-churning mills of the Demiurge.

There is no future utopia,
only past glory now defunct –
more than degenerated,
dissolved, decomposed, dead.

We, ourselves, represent
the Dead of Germania.
What you refer to as the Aryan “end times”
actually occurred long, long ago.

Perhaps Wieland was the only one
who truly understood,

and Serrano of course…

To become the Total Man of Destiny,
greater than the Gods themselves,
one must go back to the ultimate Source of
one's roots,
through the Venusian Gate,

dissolving into the terrifying abyss of the
Schwarze Sonne,
on one's way to the highest Green Light,
the great Orphic Womb,
only to be broken, torn to shreds, and then
formed anew,
re-made, the model *re-che* of the coming
Reich,

King of the Ur-iginal Baptism –
that Ultimate Re-ality, Non-Existent Flower,
inconceivable in its beauty, indescribable,
beyond the articulation of even the greatest
poets.

Yes, to create anew is to re-generate the
preexisting Ur-igin,
to go beyond the constricting bounds of
Space-Time,
to transcend the serpentine cycle of cycles,
that cursed reptilian Return.

12 – 12 – 12

Absorbing Evola in the yard,
his *Men Among the Ruins*,
my loyal hound, closed ranks,
beside me,
brown-coated, gold-woven threads
running down his spine like fine
electric needles,
connecting chakra to chakra…
‘Twas a brisk late autumn afternoon,
12 – 12 – 12,
the day when dying Zion came
knocking
desperately upon my door,
under the guise of that professional
acting troupe,
the “FBI.”
(You can fill in the initials however you
like.)

They came, these peddlers of the crooked Law,
to get me to sign their fraudulent “papers,”
to confess to a totally contrived “crime” of the
mind
which could only come from their own twisted,
syphilitic senses. *AND I SAID NO!*
And yet, *as Odin lives*, I know they came

for a more sinister reason:
to extinguish the Light of the Sonnenmensch,
the inner Hagal Rune glowing within.

12 – 12 – 12…
On this pivotal Kosmic date
the minions of Zion failed in their
  mission of evil,
as they always will now.
How could I possibly hate such
  bungling imbeciles?

Twenty years previous, to the day,
12 – 12 – 92, the floodwaters rolled in,
with that blessed nor'easter
that destroyed my shanty home.
Hail Gerda!
For she only made me stronger –
her gale-strength winds billowing deep
  within me,
intensifying the power of my own
  burgeoning will.
Some months before,
a swan maiden swam my way
and began pecking at the frail defenses
of my glass-plated door.
She decided to stay for an extended
  time before disappearing.
Braun-schwau, is that you?

“I love you,” she said. “That’s why I must warn you:
Like the coming tides,
Traitors rise from amidst the deep.
Like giant icebergs they come,
testing our Titanic faith.
Like prowling tomcats, small of stature,
yet high above cascading slopes,
they look for the slightest sign
of weakness in their prey,
then make ready to pounce.
Fear them not, but neither take them lightly.”

But I didn’t listen. I didn’t know.
How could I? –
full of youthful ignorance
in the Golden Age of childhood,
in those bygone days of beautiful
  Spring,
considered but the Iron Age to the Polar
  ones;
those majestic and terrible ancestors
from whose loins I sprang…
that nostalgic Hyperborean well.

Again… I didn’t listen, I didn’t know.
Such is the nature of Youth

(or perhaps the youth of Nature).
And such is the essence of the many
obstacles in our path –
the necessary steps on the linear
pyramid to the Herrenrasse.
Whether we comprehend it or not.

Now the sun has blackened,
the power of the Irminsul
ascending once again.
For the sons of earth,
much worse is on the way.

Runam!

Runam! Runam!
That truest image of the Hagal Rune,
inverted Ur atop inverted Man,
bent trident with two legs bind-rune.

Runam!
That Old Race of the Twice Born,
Legendary Folk of great renown
shall be created yet anew
when war drums sound,
and they shall journey *through*
the inexistence of the verdant mist,
back through the void of Black Abyss,
back through the blazing port, Venus,
back from idyllic Realms of innocence –
that Highest Holy Reich –
yes, when the war drums sound,

Runam! Runam! Upon the earth
the Legendary Legions' Light abounds,
the mirror image of the Holy Runes,
the second and fifteenth,
shall journey to defiled earth, to reign,
torrents of Luci's vengeance
from beneath the seas –
shall bring "humanity"

(that mixed race sudra foe)
down to its very knees…

trembling, trembling, *trembling*
at the very sight of that Old Race,
the Twice Born now returned…
Runam! Runam! Runam!

To Kamerad Zundel (1939-2017)

Kamerad Zundel, mein Freund, mein Bruder, SIEG HEIL!

There was just so much that that noble heart of yours could take of this earthly den of vipers. The Enemy, ever ready to pounce; the veritable hordes of Traitors ready to sell you out for their 30 pieces…

And you, my Bruder: the noble army of One. The Voice of the Wildes Heer, screaming ecstatic words of Truth at pitchless tones to those of us who don't need ears with which to hear, nor eyes to see.

With none to protect you nor defend you from the base aggregate, only our words could we offer in solidarity – solid-Ar-ity. Perhaps mere words were not enough, perhaps they were. Who cares!

For we are the sons of the Vanquished – the one with the emerald lost and damaged voice, stripped of his potency in this feckless age. Quality with no meaning – this describes you well, lost as you were on the masses.

For you I play "Ich hatt' einen Kameraden" …
And bid you a hearty farewell,

‘til we meet again in Odin’s Lair.

HEIL HITLER!

Fackelträger

"We are the Torch Bearers, we carry the Aryan Light forever forward in the Spirit of the Führer, Sieg Heil!" – Karl Young

Naked and unashamed He stands –

in control and without social class,
a Noble Soul, pure of mind and body,
with "nothing to cover, nothing to hide…
above reality, beyond time,"*
confident in His own destiny
and that of His Folk,
illumined by the rays of His own nobility
(which is to say Blood-Honor).

Yes, naked and unashamed He stands,
before the real tormentors of the Folk,
the Earls of Rot, of stolen land,
ancestral homes cut down like mighty oaks,
defiled by the corporate Banking Gods,
and there –

* This quote was excerpted from page 275 of *Third Reich Pilgrim* by Karl Young (2nd ed. Victoria, Australia: Hermitage Helm Corpus, 2017).

High upon the heights of deep despair,
above the snow-capped mountain peaks,
He waits as like a spark of Uncreated sulfur –
the domed reflection of a billion bygone souls
heroic –
now burning, now extinguished,
and now lit again
with flaming Torch in hand…

He sets the earth ablaze to see
the error of its ways,
stacked high in yellow-coated bricks,
"hu-man-ity," cursed word of rot!
And all around the putrid clouds
of arrogance and greed
plume high into the nighttime air,

and on the earth, my human drones,
your time has come, *the jig is up* –
O, how you danced it well…
but now the witches' heap is calling
from that dragon's den of sylvan dread –
"Your time is up";

And the Torch Light marches on…

AllFather-ism

"AllFather, High and Mighty,
All-Fath-Er, Great and Wise,
Ar – Fa – Eh, Who art Thou…
and We and She?"

For nine long years thus I prayed,
'til in the tenth a thund'rous Voice from
Asgard came:

AR, the Sun shines on We brave Armanen
Who enthroned upon His right,
do wield His sword with might;

and to Our left He reigns,
the Primal Fire of all creation,
the First and Last of all sensation,
the He Himself eternal
Who's beyond, above, within –

the Great Bind-Rune of AR and FA,
of We and He,
o'erlaid and married,
HE bears the EH Rune, carried,

that wond'rous Spirit just and swift,
Raw-Root of Race,

Who sitteth on Our left, EH!
The Offspring and the UR-igin,
OUR-igin, Virginal
UR-born sacred kin;
both blesser and the bless-ed, UR,
Thurd sacred triune member
'side the AR and FA Godhead –

Who are We then, brave Hero?
Tell us! Do you still not know?
Have you still not found us?
Have you searched within?
Suffice to say some things you'll never know
but only feel…
For now, I tell you this:

All – Fath – Er is
All – Fath – UR, the
AR – FA(th) – UR,
Arktic Bear atop the Pole,
the Wise One known as Arthur…

and We and He and She,
Our Faithful Ur-igin,
beyond, above, within
are all as One,
Ourselves pristine, eternal…

and We and He and She,

the Treu Armanen,
AllFather's Rite of Life
for Man to come,
the EH-rean Nation.

PT. 2
WAR SONGS

The Flag on High

The Flag on high, above so proudly waving,
Flag of our Blood, our Spirit, and our Faith –
Comrades, close ranks, and leap into the Battle headlong,
Forward, my lads! And never sound retreat!
Comrades, close ranks, and leap into the Battle headlong,
Forward, my lads! And never sound retreat!

The Flag raised high, atop the mountain, streaming,
Flag of one Reich, one Führer, and one Folk –
Against yon rising tide of Left and Right destruction,
We stand our ground, as boulders on the shore.
Against yon rising tide of Left and Right destruction,
We stand our ground, as boulders on the shore.

All hail the Flag, the Hakenkreuz of Glory!
Blutfahne, Ja! Black Sun of Destiny –
Blood-Flag of all the Martyrs, Heydrich, Hess and Streicher,
And Heroes like Skorzeny and Degrelle.

Blood-Flag of all the Martyrs, Heydrich,
Hess and Streicher,
And Heroes like Skorzeny and Degrelle.

Adolf Hitler, to you we pledge allegiance,
Th' eternal oath: 'Our Honor's Loyalty' –
For you we fight the dreaded Foe of all
Creation,
Your Wildes Heer stands poised before the
Storm.
For you we fight the dreaded Foe of all
Creation,
Your Wildes Heer stands poised before the
Storm.

The Flag on high, above so proudly waving,
Flag of our Blood, our Spirit, and our Faith –
Comrades, close ranks, and leap into the
Battle headlong,
Forward, my lads! And never sound retreat!
Comrades, close ranks, and leap into the
Battle headlong,
Forward, my lads! And never sound retreat!

Comrades, to the Front!

(Dedicated to my friend in Malta)

Calling Kelt, Latin, Teuton and Slav,
Anglo-Saxon, Magyar, Balt and Finn!
From Atlantic to Bering we march,
For the sake of our Race, kith and kin.

To the front, Futurist of the Blood,
Take your rifle, and hammer and pen!
The IDEA of IMPERIUM calls,
Europeans will rise and rise again!

Comrades, to the Front!
The WAR has begun!
Either Vict'ry or death,
Our Racial Destiny is One!

Comrades, to the Front!
The WAR has begun!
March proud toward the Dawn,
The Valkyries wait for us above.

O, Comrades can you hear,
The ghostly echoes drawing near? –
Of fallen Heroes, the Aryan Heroes,
Whose memories we cherish dear.

The fallen Heroes, the Aryan Heroes,
"AVE VICTORIA!" we cheer!

* * *

Calling Kelt, Viking, Teuton and Slav,
Anglo-Saxon, Cos-sack, Balt and Finn!
Through the heavens, undaunted we fly,
Sowing seeds of the Race Ehrean.

O, Europa, your children are One,
All thine enemies fall at thy feet.
O'er the planets your banner is raised,
To the Cosmos we bring VICTORY.

Comrades, to the Front!
Thy BLOOD has been spilled!
Either Vict'ry or death,
We must avenge our kinsmen killed!

Comrades, to the Front!
The WAR has begun!
March proud toward the Dawn,
Our Strength shall slay the setting sun.

O, Comrades can you see,
The Hakenkreuz of Destiny? –
Of fallen Heroes, the Aryan Heroes,
Whose memories we cherish dear.

The fallen Heroes, the Aryan Heroes,
"SIEG HEIL! VIKTORIA!" we cheer!

We Are the Dispossessed

We are the Dispossessed,
We are the Dispossessed –
the hated native sons cut off,
the Poltergeist SS;

We are the Dispossessed,
We are the Dispossessed –
the Loyal Sentries of the Blood,
the Faithful Fallen of the Reich,
now ghosts, Our names are spat upon,
Our legacies are mud;

We are the Dispossessed,
We are the Dispossessed –
the last remaining Torch Lights
in this sunken Age of Lead;

We have no land, We have no Folk,
We have no clan, We have no friend,
no-where on earth remains for us
to even lay Our Dead;

But battle on We must,
Yes, battle on We must!

Farewell & Godspeed, You Brave SS Soldiers

Farewell and Godspeed to you brave SS Soldiers,
Farewell and Godspeed, my Waffen-SS.
For the battle has ended, the storm clouds have parted,
And now in Valhalla forever to rest.

We'll feast there and roar like true SS Warriors,
We'll laugh and we'll sing like never before.
But soon we'll despise all the laughter and singing,
And pine to be back on the frontlines once more –

To drill and to march like true SS Warriors,
To raid and make war like Vikings of yore.
So let's pick up our daggers, grenades and machine guns,
And strengthen the ranks of the old Wild Horde.

Let's tell Father Odin we're ready for combat,
Let's tell him we've had enough of a rest.
Though Berserkers and Vandals once held clout in Asgard,
They're nothing compared to the Schutzstaffel's best.

Now the chariots of war descend on our enemies,
Who crumble in front of the SS barrage.
Though their numbers are great, our hell-fury's

greater,
And thus from the battlefield they are dislodged.

No glory on earth like the glory of comrades,
No honor on earth like those of the True;
No shame for the Heroes who die for their kinsmen –
For ridding the world of the poisonous Jew.

Long life and good days to you brave SS Soldiers,
Long life and good days to the Waffen-SS!
Many tales to be sung on the battlefield of glory,
To hell with Valhalla! For you there's no rest…

‘Top the Mountain, There’s a Vision

‘Top the Mountain, there’s a Vision –
of the Man who will come
and will ***slay***, ***slay***, ***slay****;*
from the Mountain,
there comes a Vision –
of One who crushes steel like clay.

In the Bloodlands, of the Valley,
armies clash to the sound
of the Devil’s forge;
evil powers,
they try to rally…
now comes the Footstep in the gorge.

Giant jackboot, oh how lovely!
Squash the Foe to the sounds
of his dying hymn,
“Sta-mattina…”
buona notte!
An evil race ripped limb from limb.

Blood-soaked moonlight, ‘top the Mountain –
beating hearts filled with joy
‘cause He ***slayed***, ***slayed***, ***slayed****;*
‘top the Mountain,
with Dawn approaching –

comes the One who tread the clay.

Marching proudly, a Folk is forming,
singing ***"Raus! Juden Raus!***
Juden Raus! Raus! Raus!"
Now the sunlight
shineth upon us,
so we could build our ***Volkssturmhaus***.

'Top the Mountain, there's a Vision –
of the Man who will come
and will ***slay***, ***slay***, ***slay****;*
from the Mountain,
there comes a Vision –
of One for whom steel-men are prey.

OsTyrReich SS

We are the Os-Tyr-Reich SS,
the Honor Guard of Thule,
the Austere Northern essence
of the snow-capped Tyrol peaks,
so white and cruel…
We who in the latter days
shall raise the Polar spear of Tiu,
the Pillar of the Righteous,
for to slay the shabbos goy and Jew…

And We'll raise Ostara's bridal band
of new beginnings, through and through,
exacting vengeance on the earth
until the fickle closed-ring cycle stretches
Treu,
and forge welds unto its Linear groom –

Treu as our Honor, Straight as the Runes,
OsTyrReich SS, our shared joy and pain,
to war We march and sing so merrily,
this errant Band of Brothers Bound…

Never to forsake each other
and ever shall We give our lives
to spit upon the stench of Death,
to save the Brotherhood of Blood and Honor,

our Loyalty We shan't renounce –
and so, above our rotting bones, my boys,
the Totenkopf We raise!
Now on to storm the citadels of Hell!

And in the Kosmic wind resounds
the Legacy of Deeds untold…

Treu as our Honor, Straight as the Runes,
OsTyrReich SS, our shared joy and pain,
to war We march and sing so merrily,
this errant Band of Brothers Bound…

SIEG HEIL!

SIEG HEIL!

SIEG HEIL!

PT. 3

KAMERADSCHAFT

We Who Dared

by

Gregory Klanderud[†]

Did we ask for more than what the world could give us?
Did we dream for much more than what could be granted?
Did we dare for that which must never be known?
And did we speak those words which must never be spoken?

If we did, then so be it, and carve our names into stone,

For it was the world that did so wickedly betray us,
It was the world that turned its back on glory,

[†] Gregory Klanderud is a translator of esoteric Ario-Germanic literature. His published works include the first English translation of *Atlantis, Edda & Bible*, by Hermann Wieland, published by Hermitage Helm Corpus in 2016, and as a poet and translator in *Songs of the Reich*, by Hermitage Helm Corpus, 2016.

It was the world that killed everything that was good,
All truth, honor, valor and the holiness of Blood.

And did we then demand to die rather than to live in its chains?

If we did, then so be it, and carve our names into stone,

For it was we, the so very few, who dared to push back against the tide,

It was we, the so very few, who stood against the world and all its crimes,

And it was we, the so very few, who dared to reach for these lofty peaks...

And it is we alone who shall not be denied! Sieg Heil!

SONG FOR THERESA

by

Ljubo Divljak Hosner[‡]

"The Reich is a-rising, like a maid that's gathered the dew-drops of morn unto her Lilly-white limbs, lithe like Death herself."

Have you seen the images?
There is haunting quality to them.
Have you seen their bodies?
They are naked, all covered in slime.
Their bodies are covered
with the yellow slime of death!
Their bodies, they all look like piles of wood,
battered, bulldozed into a mass grave.
Some of the women look especially horrendous,
their mouths open, or curved in a half-smile,
as if mocking in advance
both the living and the Worm,

[‡] Ljubo Divljak Hosner (born 1971) is a student of Esoteric Hitlerism and member of *Ahnenerbe Germania*. He presently resides in Slovenia.

he will climb and he will bore - all the way through.
Do not avert your gaze now!
Have you seen their bodies?
Is this dignity in death?
(The same screen is showing copulations.)
Her mysterious smile, so triumphant?
Will it haunt you?
So sickeningly sensuous?
Indeed, her head was thrown slightly aback,
her mouth wide open.
But her eyes, that fulminant look in her eyes!
If only they were closed.
Instead, they had the expression
of having found pleasure – something else too!
Oh, mother, is there no God?
Her body thrown on a truck,
wearing a gown of silvern bones.
One of many. Yet to me - she 'll ever be special,
will she not?
Or am I insane?
That particular moment her body was dropped
on the truck, I recall it well.
I recall the sensation in my bones,
that akward sensation.
As her corpse was dumped onto the truck,
I half expected her pelvis to break.
It didn't. How they'll wish the grim smile was erased,
brushed off her ashen, ashen face.
But you don't get to command a corpse.

Have you seen her corpse, have you?
I got a distinct feeling she felt shame in that moment
–
because of the nakedness, the exposure,
the utter degradation.
It felt so strange,
a part of me feeling she was still aware,
furious, desacrated.

ϟ

Jew! Listen to me, Jew! I am talking to you!
To the seventy satanic souls of the Sanhedrin,
of your tribe, your new temple,
the one you intend to erect in Jerusalem,
there to keep on butchering
for your Jahwe, slave of the Demiurge.
Know, Jew, your time is up,
you will be called to the stand!
A testimony true this time,
no double standards anymore,
sanctioned by your Baruch, Moloch and Rephan.
Do you think you can continue to do evil?
To twist and obscure truth forever?
You will be released
from your six-thousand-years oath.
But tell me, Jew, what was her name?
Of the emaciated woman
you've shown on the screen?

Always ready with your cameras, are you not?
The lenses well polished by your satan de spinoza!
Your spin is soon over, Jew!
We will seek her name and her soul of you, Jew!
We will order you: confess!
Restoring the honor and peace of the German Reich,

we will finally open the books.

And I ask you now: do you want to live, Jew?
But you must! We say so!
Your children want to live, Jew.
What to do with you, Jew?
What to do unto you!

4 Selections

by

Kevin Hill[§]

No Greater Love

With a willingness to sacrifice his all
he set the wheels in motion
to stop the Bolshevik deluge
this, his undying devotion

To give Northernkind
a better world in which to live
he turned arms towards the east,
that we may have more living space
to grow and to breathe
but more than that…
to fulfill our destiny

Truly he set the example
for all of us to follow
and gave us a new hope
in which to believe

[§] Kevin Hill (born 1970) is a Norse Heathen poet and musician from South Carolina.

This was a true Man of Honor,
a Lord to be entrusted with our every
energy
this grand cultivator of man
was a Man amongst men
yet to the commoner he was also a friend
but more so was he focused
on that which would bring
our inner beings ever-lasting meaning
so we could shed the shell of mediocrity
and propel to Übermensch
and greater heights yet dreamed
so that we may once again
stake our standard on and rightly claim
all that which is healthy and strong
and ultimately supreme

“It was your shining example of courage
that dared me to also stand.
You are my inspiration
and it is you and your name
that my children will come
to know and to love
the same way I do,
for you are our Sun –
a beacon in the darkness.
And there was never one
whose love was purer
than the one adored

who was called *der Führer*.

“Thank you for your fearless passion
and unrivaled loyalty…
Your memory shall ever remain!”

For Those Trú

‘Twas before time immemorial
That light was forged in the form of
souls for the Herrenvolk
and our hearts opened
as blinding portals
to find ourselves a flame
of striking Bolts

From worlds beyond
sang of in skaldic song
lives of Magik,
ways one and all
of ancestral enchantment,
the runes were whispered
without the first word
being spoken,
as we stood
like Men and broke
with the new traditions

Our paths, though distant,
will be well worn with travel
as one web is spun
yet another will unravel
before our eyes
yet deep inside
the things we share
will ne'er cede but bind
'til the day we die
and even beyond
tying one to the other
as surely as this life will fade
may we always be equal to the task
and never fall short, for this I bade

Of myself as your friend,
oh, comrade in arms,
it'll never need be wondered
for in *stance* and *religion*
you are my brother
of one blood and spirit
united in this struggle

Never will I falter or stray
not even a day,
for the Æsir and Vanir
provide me guidance and strength
through example, to light
my very way that I may

be one of The Trú
and your ally not in just words alone
that with my tongue I do oath and say

As the War-drum is pounded

Where Glory Grows

Whence He's been
few will surge to go
and where He goes
fewer there will be
which dare themselves
to follow

As a man He leads
not by words but by deeds
and with a conviction
that's ***volk stirring***

Urged by a sense
of purpose and
rightness of mission
onward He treads
towards new oðal lands
to ***Awaken*** the birthright
of a Nation He strives
to endow the pack with

the gifts to advance

His spirit a ghost ship
‘risen from the depths
like a wraith
dreamt from the past
He guides with
a god’s fortitude and
a discipline unsurpassed

His instincts pull Him
toward stars Trú Norð
demanding the very best
from each that they may
require more of
themselves and the cubs
that they create
Nine deep set prints
found in the driven snow
symbolic of the marks
that he’s left on the lives of those
He’s known

To be counted a friend
one of the chosen few
is an honour of highest esteem
and proof of one’s own weorth
and potential to leave
one’s sacred mark on

the very wings of destiny

Long hath He trekked
this road less traveled
the path He's worn yonder
straight to where We'll go
with an understanding
He drives them harder and harder
pushed to their limits through ice and fire
to worlds they've yet to know
He leads Them to a higher ground
and place to call home,
this a place just for us
a place where glory grows

The Ring

There is a Ring…
but few there be
that can grasp It
for scarcely fitted
is It for few
reddened time and again
It bleeds a lustrous crimson
staining Their hands a rusty hue

Oathing They embrace
Its blood laden weight

that which duty alone can define
against the grain Their very legacies staked
stabbing hearts to higher climb

Solemn in His undertaking
His essence clenched by whispered formulas
but He is not alone
for Every One that heard before Him,
now through Him marches on…

(Unrestrained, He crosses His own Rubicon)

Proud, His Ancestors cheer Him,
for *Trú Norð*, centuries have they yearned…
those once invoked in due reverence
now towards Him in admiration turn

From such a mortal
more than Legends are spawned

And thus, fated was He
to take His oaken throne
amidst the Nordic Pantheons
ever refracting Their numinous glows
as Visionary Architect

of Our Golden Age’s dawn

Enthralled, young maidens worship
in the splendor of such masculine daring
swooning, their wombs ache to exhale the
flower
of a bluer blooded Nobility

For this is The Trú Man of Honour,
My Friend, My Blood, My Brother…
the Promethean who grabs
O.R.I.O.N.’s Ring

A Sun Has Risen

(The 20th of April 129 H.E.)

by

L'Aryensoufi[**]

A sun has risen from another horizon,
in a land where dead heroes
of a single blood and mind unite.
They have without hesitation
made offerings of themselves,
quickening with their breaths the ambient aether
with words that would stir the souls
of those who, like them,
were reborn to die once again
for the noble and ultimate reason
of all Cosmic Creation:
the re-birth of the Aryan Soul,
through its recurring progenitor,
into ever deeper realms of Hell
where the beast-men migrate,

[**] L'Aryensoufi is of Germano-Norwegian and Spanish descent. He is a Philosopher-Poet on the Aryan-Sufi Path of Knowledge, a practitioner in the Alchemical and Spagyrical Arts, a proud disciple of Esoteric Hitlerism, and member of the Last Battalion. He currently resides in the south of France.

fleeing Light and Love
and the True Consciousness of Real Men,
the primordial angelic Will of Hyperborea.

They invoke.
Summoning the shadows
from the netherworld of fore
to come and assist in the Last Great Battle –
which of course never ended,
but must be fought again and again, eternally,
as the Great Wheel of Aryan Dharma
pro-creates the Universal Goal of everything,
to lose once more the awful battle
and thus be defeated again and again,
among cynical mockeries
and cowardly back-stabbing.

After all, we live in a Jewish made environment.
And its divinity is an invention
of that Satanic Demiurgic Brain.

And to feed the infernal machine
of life and death and love and hate,
it needs a Supernatural Spirit
to animate with our ghost the mechanical simulation,
replete with synthetic lying laws
and shiny nylon finishing.

Struck by a lightning blast

issued from A-Mor's radiant heart,
War is no less Sacred than Peace,
a necessary Holy commodity.
Hit by this thunder inside the pounding heart,
from the body's own dark depths,
we are consumed without resolve.
Our strength depends on no constitutional right,
but on the black rotating void that never empties itself
resounding in our chests.
We incarnate thru our spiritual persistence,
the activity of the Green Thunderbolt
shredding the illusory sky and its material aberration.
We are the ***Gral***.

Das Hakenkreuz ist das schöne Gesicht des Geistes
Gottes im Herzen seines Freundes.

The Last Court

by

Karl Young[††]

Little Deadman's jig
In the quiet grove
Weeds and vines entangled grow
To them we play our silent gig.

We are the old Thinge of the Wald,
On mountain tops and valley holes,
Der Brüder Schweigen
Unseen and untold.

Des Toten Gesicht
Und sind Gericht;
Stein, Seil, Gras und Gruner Baum,
We are the Silent Court of old.

[††] Karl Young is an architect, author, publisher, blogger and *SS Obergruppenführer* in the Last Battalion.

PT. 4

MUSINGS

Musings of the Round Table

I. Do not "do what you will," but rather ***Will what you do***. The former is what LaVeyan (*oy vey!-an*) Satanism is based on, whereas the latter forms the basis of all Higher Thought. *Generate your own Good Fortune and you will have it.* And never make the mistake of relying on others for that which you can do yourself. As the Führer instructed us (by way of the primal *Feuer*): One "should never make the mistake of believing that [anything] will fall from heaven. *Everything is rooted in one's own will, in one's own work.*" In other words: God helps those who help themselves.

II. State your case, but do not attempt to win anyone over to your cause. First, "win over" yourself… and then you will win over All. Likewise, the sage must first know himself, and then he will know All. Those who seek to "win over" people (sheeple, beast-men, etc.) will do anything for quantity's sake – they are nothing but liars, tricksters, frauds, politicians (beast-men

themselves). Likewise, those individuals (sheeple) who need to be "won over" are not worthy of any cause. The Strong Man is mightiest alone. And the Wise Man acts like the Sun, attracting others to orbit around Him only by affirming His own superior force. Those that follow Him are planetary powerhouses unto themselves, with their own lesser moons orbiting around them as well.

III. Rain torrents of never-ending fervid death down upon thine enemies, and make dull their broad-swords of Darkness! Preserve your-Self, the *treu*-Self of Honor and Justice, Truth and Light! Make sure your enemies not only fear you but *take possession of them*; control them; manipulate them as you would so many pawns on the chessboard. And never forget the wise words of a Torch Bearer who once said: "… if it is the nature of a malign force to always destroy then the forces of truth must completely annihilate without trace that malign force, otherwise any true and just society will only ever be temporary and only evil will remain in the end."[‡‡]

IV. Do not confuse Logic with reason. Logic is Instinct acting upon Wisdom, just as Virtue is Will

[‡‡] This quote comes from page 61 of *GERMANIA – Book I*, by Steve Hirst (Victoria, Australia: Hermitage Helm Corpus, 2017).

acting upon Wisdom; two separate but interconnected poles on the axis of Organic-thought. Reason is mere emotion. Reason is the death of Logic. Reason is Socratic decadence, democracy, Semitism, sermonism, hypocrisy, relativism, nihilism, ugliness, rot, the corpse that emitted the putrid stench of "Enlightenment." Rationality is emotionality disguised as intellect. But it is worse than that – it is *Satanic!* It is an arch-weapon used by the Demiurge to enslave you, and what's more, to get you to enjoy your enslavement! But take heed, Kinsmen: *Only the Force of your own Spirit, your own Logos (the Word made flesh), makes you free!*

V. If you Love, make sure you do so with a Barbarian zeal of Honor and ecstasy, of ecstatic Honor, which destroys all traces of evil. Yes, *Love* with an intensity that destroys subhuman "civilization" and transcends all hate. This can only be accomplished if your path is straight and you already know that you are indestructible for the very reason that you are a Higher Life Form and you are Right.

VI. It was once said: "… if a man hurts me with the root of a strange tree; the ruin he threatened me

with does not hurt me but consumes him."[§§] And so, I tell you: *Resist the roots of all strange trees!* Resist the evil roots of Deception; resist the deceptive doctrines of Zion. Resist the roots of all Evil! Destroy the Great Moloch's nefarious rules and regulations! Resist all unmanliness and self-renunciation. Resist the idolatrous individualism of the liberal state. *Destroy! Destroy! And again… DESTROY!* For the sake of your Kith and Kin! Remember, Kinsman: Your Blood is your highest possession!

VII. Never mind the "White Nationalists." In all their endeavors they failed before they even started, because they never harbored the All in themselves. (As the Wise One once said: "Harbor the All in yourself and you will control All.") Neither do they possess the most basic understanding of the All or even themselves. Hopelessly polarized, these "White Nationalists" lack the Wisdom that the runes Eh and Not bring when overlapped, hence they are never to understand the great Kosmic balance of positive and negative energies which comes as a result, both within and without; they shall never be able to attain the peaceful bliss of the Hagal. Hence they could never put out the flames of their own

[§§] The 55 Club. *The Complete Armanen and the Untold Story*. N.p.: 55 Club, 2012, p. 39.

misguided hatred, which burns with such a self-destructive intensity that it could only consume anything these people claim to "love." Such ones as these could only see Death and negativity when the Life of Ehrean Truth is right there, nakedly staring them in the eye. Indeed, "White Nationalists" are nothing but New Age flagellants, devoid of any creative genius; all of their self-inflicted troubles and torments have been in vain. And so "White Nationalism" is dead – nay, it was never even alive. (Should this come as any great surprise?) The loose assortment of beliefs attributed to "White Nationalists" was always more *unter* than *Über*, more *gesellschaft* than *Gemeinschaft*, more *bourgeois* than *Arbeiter* – never did it have the force of a true Ideology behind it. "White Nationalism" is best described as a simpleton's "Disraeli-Land" distortion of a legitimate Creed and is best exemplified in the personage of one Frank Collins.

VIII. So I repeat: Never mind the "White Nationalists." Never mind the constant discord that crops up between inferior beings and their equally inferior belief systems; strife will always surround them as beings of an inconsequential fate, which will eventually swallow them. Meanwhile, your superior Destiny awaits you. Learn to accept your Destiny and *use it* to your advantage; do not strive

against it. Turn your attention toward the edification of Germanic Man, the *Sonnenmensch* – He who was and ceases to be, and yet is still to come; He who is within and beyond yet ceases to tread the earth of this fallen world; the invisible One who is too pure to be revealed by the contaminated rays of a corrupted yellow sun, and thus too pure to be seen by the eyes of an equally corrupted humanity. Yes, turn your attention toward the blond-haired, blue-eyed ghost who haunts the mental caverns of all lesser men.

IX. It was once said by myself to myself: *"Just as there is a natural rhythm to domestic tranquility, which is to say* ***womanhood****, there is a natural masculine rhythm of penetration, war and conquest – the way of the thrusting phallus. Man is brought into the world to thrust, to expand his power, to crush and subjugate the weak. Men who fail to expand their influence are failed men. Likewise, with races and cultures."* So reads the epitaph on the tombstone of a bygone world – where "womanhood" has been sapped of all true meaning (hence value), and where masculinity now means nothing, as it is impossible for Higher Man to expand his influence in any actual way. Now it is the failed men, races and cultures that proliferate – it is this kind that expands its influence like a thriving urban cemetery which

finally consumes the wretched metropolis that spawned it. In such a place as this, it is not the epitaph but the tombstone that has triumphed. Here, the epitaph means nothing. In a few hundred years' time it will be erased completely, due to the unrelenting winds of aggression unleashed by the fiendish *Elementarwesen*. For now, worms, slithering on the table of Jehovah's dirt-ridden "natural" kingdom, feast on the rotted corpses of all Higher Life – thus fulfilling the dilettante "creator" god's putrid master plan. Must we Struggle against the degenerative physical and spiritual realities of this corrupted world? Must we wage War against the demiurgic System that has us bound in iron fetters? YES! But we must do so only in order to attain Victory for the Better World (the *Dis-Illusion*, the *Anti-Reality*) to come. Before then, one must first learn how to win power over oneself.

X. It was once said by myself to myself: "*The natural world is androgynous; beautiful and wise, benevolent and terrible, neither just nor unjust, nor even amoral, but transcendentally wise beyond the comprehension of base humanity. One should therefore strive to become transcendentally wise by living in accordance with the hermaphroditic wisdom of* ***Gaium****, and by harnessing the great Sage's free and abundant*

powers." This is all well and good, and it certainly sounds "nice." But, truth be told, Nature is rigged, slanted toward the quantitative ideal of the masses, toward the reproduction of redundant, purposeless organisms, toward their proliferation, excrement-production, death and rebirth. And so, Nature itself – along with the unseen driving "Force" behind the apparently feckless "natural" process – *cannot* be the guide of Higher (qualitative) Man. To quote the Third Reich Pilgrim: ***"The Force of Nature dictates that the stronger and better will subordinate the weaker and inferior, but by stronger and better, Nature appears to imply a sheer weight of numbers, in the end the ant, and the termite, and the cockroach out-competes the lion."***[***] Clearly then, this inferior realm of demiurgic plagiarism, this low-frequency plane of dense matter, has no promethean role to play, nothing to teach us. It is naïve to think otherwise. What is referred to by the beast-men as the "natural world" is nothing but a horror-ground of feckless lust and carnage, of demonic energy consumption and constant vexation, where the weak are always guaranteed a cowardly "win," and the Strong and Honorable are condemned to follow the path of the Loser –

[***] See: Young, Karl. *Third Reich Pilgrim: Part 1 – The Ruins of Power*. 2nd ed. Victoria, Australia: Hermitage Helm Corpus, 2017, p. 73.

of our Leader of Light, Lose-ifer – whose Divine Mission it is to *let loose* his People from this involuted, inferior world. His defeat is spelled: V-I-C-T-O-R-Y. And in the higher Empyrean realm, where Honor is Loyalty and all lies are destroyed, He and We reign supreme. So, my fellow Torch Bearers and Kameraden, *we must respect and hail the Primal Fire of Light!*

XI. It was once said by myself to myself: *"If Nature is our guide, then the summit of Wisdom for* ***man*** *is a mountain peak called* ***Eugenics****. Without eugenics, man will remain a potential genius who lacks a brain; an Adonis without form; a vast Siberian wilderness of equally boundless natural resources, untouched by the shamanistic simpletons traversing its landscape. Without an effective eugenics policy, man is useless – an animal without a purpose, self-canceling (like "White Nationalism"), pitiful in the truest sense."* But alas! Eugenics died a horrible death in 1945, and it will never be resurrected here in this rat-infested sewer of a world, among subhuman slaves that are both white and black, gentile and Jew, heathen and Abrahamic. Eugenics is dead to the masses who are already useless beasts that serve no purpose, as retarded in their growth as they are redundant. Only the Creative Spirit serves a purpose in this world (as in others); only the

Creative Spirit that conquers is worth anything. *SIEG HEIL!*

XII. And so, Eugenics – that vanquished mountain peak which has long since crumbled down into the valley – could never be a final goal of ours. *How could it?* The enhancement of crude matter (of the masses themselves) could never be our greatest concern. Likewise, the Riddle of the Holy Lance, pointing ever upward, was never intended to be grasped by the feral hand of base humanity. We seek the One who is capable of climbing down from the High Tree so that He is able to Rise once again… the One who does not fear Mystic Death; the One who knows that Death itself can never kill Him. And so, our ultimate objective is the total depersonalization of the human ("all too human") individual – the transmutation of this base animalistic condition – and the creation of the Absolute Personality of the Overman. This is to say, we seek nothing less than the total Communion of the highest, most excellent segments of the Nordic Aryan Race – the few remaining Elites of this realm and others. Hence, the complete unity of consciousness – the uniformity of Spirit, Mind, Will, and Body – among all member-parts of the EHREAN to come…

XIII. As it stands now, reality is an illusion and that thing called “humanity” remains worthless, even less than worthless: *parasitical*. Soon, that which is considered by the broad masses to be “unreal” – the great phantasmagoric Ideal of NAZI DIS-ILLUSION – will become “real.” But first must come the Ur-iginal Baptism, the regeneration of the One whom no sword can slay, the Overman – the Oval-man, well-rounded, Total, complete; the Odal-German, the Noble-Germ, Seed of the Most High, the Old-German primordial made anew – He who will bask in the purifying Green Rays of the Highest Reality and the Greatest Truth…

XIV. Another secret: The Gods want the Aryan, the fallen *divya*, the semi-divine Hero (the *vira*) who has been separated from his divinity to recover it. They desire to guide the Hero on his way to immortality, knowing full well that the Hero will never become exactly as they are. Rather, the Hero will become something *greater* than the Gods, something unimaginably grand and wonderful – beyond the belief of even the greatest dreamers! The Gods, who cannot feel, know this. Hence they desire – nay, *demand!* – the Aryan Hero’s future overlordship so that, through him, they will finally be able to experience and enjoy their own existence to the fullest. But first the Hero must learn the Names of all the Gods, which

is to say, he must learn the Ways of all the Gods and how to steadily walk the long Path in front of him; only then shall it be possible for him to, one day, Soar with the eagles, and thus claim his rightful title as the New Man – the One who is yet to come…

XV. And all shall recognize the Man to Come by his victorious aura and steely gaze. But when he arrives is still anyone's guess. One thing is certain however: He will Come in glory with the Host of the Furious Horde and be seen, high above, urging on the terrifying war-horses of his celestial chariot to the divine sounds of Wagner – and *not* the infernal cacophony of the Judaic jungle. Hence, ***Wagner-rök*** *shall be at hand!* And what a spectral orchestra of beauteous DEATH this time will be! Finally, the few survivors who inhabit the earth will see for themselves what it is like to… BE A MAN!

XVI. And WO-MAN… yes, the divine feminine will also fulfill its destiny as all the Valkyries of Asgard scream out over the earth in unison: ***"WOE to the enemies of the TotenReich!"*** (Hence, *woe to those who do not understand that Death is the only bridge that connects one to – and yes! brings about – Totality*.) No longer is the feminine heart fickle, no longer is the maiden's

heart a lair of wanton deceit – because now, MAN and WOMAN are eternally united. Total-Man and Total-Woman are now One, NOS, the double-Triune-offspring of the Most High – the divine-Six with yet a seventh unfathomable component part to be shared, uniting the two halves together, binding them as the Hagal Rune of sacred *A-Mor*, united in mystic separation and separated in blissful union for all eternity – the incomprehensible empyrean state that Don Miguel (an Ehrean amongst men!) could only begin to fathom… because Don Miguel was one of the only ones who *Treu-ly* contemplated the End.

XVII. And the Wise Ones know that the "end" is never truly The End, but only a new beginning; the marriage of Total-Man and Total-Woman, their merging (their Love, their Light) could never be an "end" but only the start of a new and glorious future – the continuance of the Law of Life, the Divine Mission, re-rooted, raw, firm, unsullied and ne'er to be spoiled… And now, the Six sacred parts (the divine-Six) become Eight, the divine Ka and Ar runes overlap and combine in marriage, yielding the Sacred EH, as if Horse and Rider now merge into One. Yes, the former Six sacred parts (plus one) transmute into the High Holy Acht, the Gral, raw root of the Aryans, beloved of the

Morning Star. And through the Morning Star these sacred parts must pass as One, on their journey to another dimension, another realm, another Reich, where the Black Sun, illumined by the Green Ray, shines eternally majestic for all Divine Parts (all *Torch-Bearing-Kamerad-Ehreans*) to behold and experience for themselves and each other. *Behold!* Something so GREAT mere words cease to be written or spoken, as even words themselves tremble in fear at the prospect of offending the Most High – the *Treu* Almighty Force beyond Space and Time… The Divine Communion of the EHREAN.

XVIII. Some final words of wisdom: Neither acknowledge nor trust in any "god" save the inner voice that dwells within; be your own God. Listen inwardly to the call of the Divine, to the sacred memory of the Blood. Acknowledge that you are an integral part of the All-Father – that you are within Him, and He is within you. Thus become conscious of your Higher Self. *Gibur Arahari!* Man, be one with God!

The Fall of Man (Interlude)

The freak show barker announced:

"Mass society perambulating madly across the tightrope, ladies and gentlemen, I give you… the *Post-Western Error*. Conceived during the time of Cromwell, and birthed amid the gray, haunting ruins of Gralstad in Altsgard – *look at the Siamese twins go!* Since 1945, the twin beast has rapidly matured, both halves becoming the quintessential grotesques of the Common Era – their names indelibly branded into the souls of men: *Homo americanus* and *Homo sovieticus*… the latter pushing fiercely into the former. Watch as they cross harum-scarum from one edifice to the next!"

Good fortune was on the side of the twin beast that day, and even well into the moonlit hours of the night…

Thud.

An old ascetic emerged from the crowd of startled villagers. He threw down his snake-coiled cane and shouted out ecstatically for all the villagers to hear:

“Behold! There He is, perched over the ledge, now rising with gladius in hand, soberly gazing up at the stars. Can you see him? *Look people, look!* Behold, the Ehrean Man!”

The old ascetic shouted at the top of his lungs, over and over, and still the villagers paid him no mind. Instead, they preferred to weep for the corpses of the fallen twin beast.

Again the old one attempted to direct the crowd’s collective sight to the distant rooftop, ever fading into the backdrop. “Look there! Can you see him? Can you hear his stoic voice bellowing through the weary heavens?”

“PROGRESS IS DEAD.”

The crowd heard nothing.

The old man disappeared as quickly as he came, this time with a smug little grin on his face. The villagers didn’t notice. Doleful and oblivious, they wept at the side of their fallen twin beast.

PT. 5
DIALOGUE

Dialogue with an Ascended Master

The rains subsided that night, not long ago, after 67 long years of deep despair. And though the people's smiles were far and few between, the Loyal ones gave a collective sigh of relief. They, alone, knew that better days were ahead. At daybreak a lonely master and his pupil ascended the Mountain which the valley dwellers call "Invisible." They made their way up the steep heights where none had dared to tread before. Every step they took was perilous, every foothold could be their last, yet they proceeded to climb undaunted and unscathed. When at last they reached the Invisible's summit, they took rest under the shade of the tallest white pine they had ever seen. There they sat down and remained for the rest of the day, conversing and meditating. The proceeding is but a partial record, a fleeting remembrance, of what was said that day in the open air, under the rays of a new rising sun…

Adept: Master, I must ask you some questions.

Master: Ask, my son.

Adept: Throughout the centuries, many sages have expounded on the subject of *Jew versus Gentile*, listing the differences between the two in great detail. Tell me

now, O venerable Master of Masters: What are the primary differences between Jew and Gentile?

***Master**:* There are none.

***Adept**:* None, my lord?

***Master**:* That's right. None. For you see, both are slaves, both breed deception and ignorance. Hence they are two complementary sides of the same coin; where one side reads "Parasite," the other reads "Host"; one side is spelled T-R-A-D-E-R, and the other is spelled T-R-A-I-T-O-R. Is there really a difference, my young apprentice? Just look around you in this poor excuse for a world. If it wasn't for the gentile, there'd be no Jew. Likewise, if there was no such thing as gullibility, there would be no lies. And if there were no such things as greed and vanity, there would be no materialism. The gentile is a creature that loves – nay, *craves!* – to be lied to; actually, he lives to consume lies. He is not "dead in Christ" as the hypocritical preachers say, but "dead in the Jews' money" as a wrongfully accused son of man once said.

And so, the "magical Jew" is there – or rather, was *created* – to provide, to buy and sell, the great fetish of lies and consumerism (illusory realities) of every kind to the gullible gentile, the believer and consumer of lies, the stupid white man par excellence. The Jew, the natural-born trader, the great bearer and disseminator

of lies – the "Great Master of Lies," as Schopenhauer famously remarked – is but a shadowy reflection of the gentile. He is the Frankenstein monster or creature – which is to say, *creation* – of a decadent white brain on its way out. Here it must be understood that the Jew is a creation or golem of the *white* brain… not the Aryan brain. The Aryan brain is something much different, much more significant and superior – it is not entombed in the empty, rusted head of a tin-man beast, but instead soars freely throughout the etheric soul of the Sonnenmensch.

So it is that the Jew's so-called "religion," his Torah and Talmud, are also creations of the diseased white brain – a brain that, for many centuries now, is too far gone to be saved. So it is that, regardless of what the human sheep have been taught in their senseless holding pens, Christianity's "New Testament" actually spawned the "Old" and not vice versa. Islam and its Muslims were also created by the gentile untermenschen, just as surely as pacifism is always responsible for breeding war and hate.

And so, the three-tiered magnum opus of Abrahamism – Christianity, Judaism and Islam – this demonic monument to the Black Arts, this unholy trinity, was constructed in the monasteries of the gentiles during the so-called "Middle Ages," which were nothing of the sort, but only the beginning of the End Times, which is to say, the Ragnarök. A time when the ascending Roman-Christian priesthood brought the

"Pagan" Germanic Era of History and Civilization – the only *actual* History and Civilization on earth, as there is no other – to an abrupt end by means of the most murderous and deceptive methods.

It was *Rome* that created and then opened the door to Jewry, as Wilhelm Marr reminds us in his 1879 work, *The Victory of Judaism over Germanism*. It was the *Romans* who first introduced the sons of Jacob into Europe. Simply put: no Romans, no Jews. Indeed, when Christian Rome ascended to power during the "Middle Ages," many lies were fabricated, and not only regarding the Pagan Germanic past. For example, nearly all of the "ancient" histories you were taught in the profane schools were fabricated in the monasteries, and then expounded upon by the Illuminists. In the same way, the vast majority of the world's "archaeological sites" are modern forgeries, no older than a mere two centuries or so; they are Disneyland castles as it were, concocted and publicized by Freemasons – those master-builders of complete and total deception. This is also true of nearly all the museums in the world, which are nothing more than indoctrination centers for the increasingly brainwashed and propagandized youth. Were the Futurists of F.T. Marinetti right in wanting to destroy the museums? Yes. But for the wrong reasons.

***Adept**:* Master – describe for me, then, the origin of our most ancient and glorious past, as was revealed to

the noble *Vrilerinnen*. Tell me the secrets of Aldebaran. Does our noble German Volk actually hail from that distant star system?

***Master**:* There are no "star systems," as you call them. So how could we hail from them?

***Adept**:* Master… I am confused.

***Master**:* Of course you are *con*-fused, as throughout your entire uninitiated life you have been consistently *in*-fused with lies, *conned*; systematically deceived so as to maintain an overall state of blindness with no chance of ever attaining true Sight. But I tell you that your confusion and your questions together represent the first great step on your journey towards total Vision. So now I will answer your question and attempt to cure your guiltless state of darkness:

I repeat, there are no "star systems." The profane astronomical tradition of the Semitic Arabs, which is nothing but *inverted Aryan cosmogony*, is fundamentally flawed. The stars and planets and moon don't exist in a "space" above the Earth, as such. Much like the "moon landing," the vacuum of space is a fiction. These suspended bodies are merely nighttime reflections of that which is projected from deep within the Earth's interior. Likewise, the golden sun you see in the sky is but a daytime reflection of the inner-Earth's white sun – itself empowered by the

transcendent, invisible Black Sun obscured behind it. What you call the "sky" (above the clouds) is thus nothing more than an optical illusion – a simulacrum, a shadowy dome of what really exists below, or rather *within* the Earth.

"As above, so below" is a profane statement, a masonic statement – one of deliberate deception, as what is above is actually an illusion, and what is "below" doesn't really exist either, since this is a subjective concept entirely. Only what is ***within*** truly exists. This is what your Kristos meant when he directed you not to look to the heavens, like common "heathens," but instructed that the Kingdom of God is already within you. Only the Demonic Power of the Pharisees and Sadducees, only the corruptive Semitic Power of the Euclidean black arts, only this collaborative Great Evil Force of the Ages, this Grand Hypnotic Fraud, wants you to believe that you live in the vacuum of its vast Demiurgic "space" – in a quantitative cosmos, a never-ending Gulag Archipelago, where the Aryan Man is insignificant and powerless before the total presence of the Great Nothing… Do you see now, my son?

***Adept**:* Yes, Master, I see. But forgive me – where then comes the persistent belief, among our fellow Seekers, that Aldebaran is the great Cradle of our Kind?

Master: There is no "belief," my son; only Truth. And it comes from *within* – within you, and within the Earth. Not from "above" … and not from "below" … but within. Deep *within*. In the same way, there is no such thing as "legend," only *Myth-Os… Mitt-Uns… the Word of God with Us… from within… NOS.*

Now that you can finally begin to see, my son, you must also unplug your ears so that you will be able to hear as well. What you call "Aldebaran" is yet another Semite-Arab trick or error, a mispronunciation and misspelling of the Ario-Germanic **Altgerdaran**, which, when divided into three parts – **Alt** (Old) / **Gerd(a)** (Earth) / **Aran** (Aryan) – translates as "Old Aryan Earth." Hence, *Altgerdaran* – the "Asgard" and "Agartha" of our Norse and esoteric myths.

The beloved name of our Heimatland, **"Germanien"** or **"Germania**,**"** comes down to us from the contraction of the words ***Gerda*** and ***Aran***. The only part left out is the foremost "Alt" (i.e. "Old"), thus signifying a *new* Aryan homeland on the surface of the Earth – which is less of a "surface" than it is the edge of a fountain, or the bark of a tree. The "d" in *Gerda* was also replaced with an "m" (hence the root "Germ") to emphasize the *germination* and *Germanization* of the entire Earth's surface with the purest Seed of the Aryan Race.

You see, many eons ago, the Hermetic/Irminic/Mercurial/alchemical *transmigration of the Blood* was initiated in order to

manifest itself on a denser plane so that the pre-Cosmic Souls of Light would be able to defeat the Demiurge on the plagiaristic material plane of the Evil One's own making. The Blood, as a whole, constituted the Army of the Souls of Light, and thus it went forward to do battle, it transmigrated from the Realm (or Reich) of Pure Light and Spirit – it traveled from Interior to exterior, Ethereal to skeleton, Astral-body to body. This had all been initiated *en masse*, not individually as atomized persons, but collectively as a Race. This process was well on its way, despite numerous devolutionary setbacks. Even so, nothing seemed to be able to thwart the overarching Will of the Race – from the time of the first Hyperborea, on down.

But then, before the process could complete itself, before the Great Battle Against Evil could be won, something occurred that was as disastrous as it was seemingly irreversible: the beast-men were given Knowledge.

***Adept**:* Master, who are these "beast-men," of whom the Ascended speak so contemptuously, and what "knowledge" were they given – and *by whom?*

***Master**:* My son, the beast-men come from *within* as well. Until the Time of the Great Cleansing they will continue to be with us all, in varying degrees. You would recognize them by their physical type and by either of the terms "Sumerians" or "slaves of Atlantis"

– since the first term is more accurate, we will continue to use it.

The Sumerians were created as the primary slave race for the Ario-Germanics, or "Altgerdaranites," who came to the new outer-Earth from deep within the Old Earth. Whereas the Ario-Germans were the Earls (or Lords) of the Earth, the Sumerians were the thralls, the "black-headed ones," the slave race. At this point in time, there weren't any intermediate "Carls" – they came later. In return for their peaceful and productive labor, the Sumerians were given *everything* by their benevolent Masters – and the Sumerians knew it!, as even they referred to their Masters as *Gut männer* ("Good men"), which later contracted to *Goten* ("Goths") and finally, in more materialistic times, to *"Gods."*

Yes, the Ario-Germanics, which is to say: the German Master Race (the *Herrenvolk*), gave the Sumerians everything, including an entire culture and even a pidgin language which was only loosely based on the German speech of the Masters. This is why, when Maria Orsic tapped into the intra-terrestrial Ario-Germanic Power, she noticed immediately the striking similarity between the Sumerian tongue – which the inner-Earth Masters still use when communicating with lesser "humans" – and her native German. (To this day, and for all eternity to come, German remains the sole official language of the intra-terrestrial Masters when speaking amongst themselves, the

magnificent and terrifying *AESIR* – the highest caste of the Ario-Germans, the Ascended Masters, Asen-*dead* to the material world of outer-Earth.)

Now then, when the Sumerian slaves, the beast-men, increased their numbers too prolifically, due to the inherent liberality – which is to say *goodness* – of the Master Race Germans, the entire balance of Gerda was negatively impacted. As such, the Sumerians – imbalanced as they already were, but now even more so! – began abducting (or rather "stealing") pure Aryan women to take for themselves. They ravished them and knew them. This then is the "Knowledge" to which I alluded earlier. The Knowledge of *Sophia*.

And so, a bastard race was born, along with all inferior "Philosophy" – a word of dubious double meaning: "the love of wisdom" (in Greek) and "the son of Sophia" (in Latin). The *impure son* would now be born from *pure Woman* (flesh born of Spirit); this is the demonic reversal of the earlier godly state wherein the *Pure-son* (Per-son) was born of *impure man* (Spirit born of flesh), hence the "Son of man."

The Masters strove to put an end to the flagrant and diabolical miscegenation taking place, but their numbers were rapidly depleting. What could be described as the "Age of Gold" began to give way to the sinister encroachment of the Eternal Return – the Wolf started unhinging its jaws to swallow the Sun (the Source of the Wolf's own sustenance), and Saturn was

taken hostage by his own subordinate creation, Jove-Jehovah.

Then the Sumerians revolted militarily. They were led by a contingent of Aryan renegades and traitors – the weapon-"forging" (faking, lying) ***Carls***, under the command of one General Loki, the first rationalist, the first one who specialized in using lies as weapons, indeed the first *Lockean*. This rationalist-materialist revolt would lead all the way into the heart of Germania, to Asgard, the True Rome of the Aesir. Thus started the Great War between the Brethren, lining the Loyal Few up on one side, the *Aesir-Germans* – a higher caste than even the rank-and-file Ario-Germans – and on the other: the Traitor Masses of Aryan-Mongrels.

These latter, composed of a mixture of pure Aryans, Sumerians, and even a smattering from other inferior races, would go on to form the great bulk of the emerging (so-called) "Indo-Aryan" or "Indo-European" nomads who restlessly traversed the gargantuan Eurasian landmass, from the Gobi to Lusitania. In so doing, they consciously rejected all prior wisdom and chose to follow the involuted path of the clockwise swastika. To the southernmost ends of the Earth they journeyed, the dark cloud of Materialism following ever closer on their heels, looming ever larger – until, finally, that cloud overtook their collective Spirit, atomizing them, cutting them off, each man from his kinsman. The myth of the Tower of

Babel has its origin here; and the self-destructive people of Babel are the early Indo-Europeans. These, then, represent the majority of your "White people" (as they are now called) – hybrids only one rung up from the beast-men.

As for the pure bloods, the Aesir Master Race, the Ario-Germans (call them what you will!) – they were forced to retreat ever northward as the Ages turned from Gold to Iron… and even *inward*, back to their polar Ur-igins in the sacred cradle of the hollow Earth. And so, the Divine Race, the Defeated, had no choice but to follow the pious way of the counterclockwise swastika, the path of Nordic unity, in the supreme Quest to piece together the scattered remains of Lucifer's broken Crown – which is to say, the individual members of the Divine Race itself – whom the Ascended refer to collectively as the *Gral*.

As for the beast-men, they had won for a while… they were given free rein to rule and corrupt and destroy the entire surface of the Earth – but only the surface, as they were not granted access to the interior Realm. This was the essence of the agreement, the treaty, between the Aesir and *mortal men* (i.e. dead men without honor, without love) after many thousands of years of combat. So you see, my son, the beast-men are still with us, dominating and corrupting, profaning and perverting all life here on the surface of this fallen Earth – *dear, pitiful Gerda!* Indeed, the beast-men are even within our own Race, within the

blood, in varying degrees, depending on both the individual and nationality in question.

***Adept**:* Master, does this mean that all of History is a lie?

***Master**:* I speak, and still you do not hear! It was Napoleon who said: "History is a set of lies agreed upon." Yet even he was wrong. *His-story* is not a lie so much as it is allegory – *and all bloody hell it surely is!* It is not itself cyclical or recurring as much as it is symbolically retold in cycles. As an event, *his-story* can occur but once, and yet perpetually re-occur in any number of symbolically meaningful ways. The story of Rome is a good example.

***Adept**:* Yes, Master! I think I am finally beginning to understand what you mean.

***Master**:* Do not think! Only *do*. Just as I do not "mean" anything, but only *say*.

***Adept**:* Yes, Master. Forgive my interruption… but earlier in our discussion you had also mentioned *Rome* – how it was once Asgard, the True Rome of the Aesir located in the heart of Germania. Please tell me how this could be, as when I think of Rome it is always the one situated on the banks of the Tiber, in Italy, that comes to mind.

Master**:* The Tiber is not a river, but a man-made stream that was constructed, as the region began to swell in population, for the purpose of diverting waste out of the Latin hills. This false "Rome" in Italy was but one of many colonies of the True Rome on the Rhine, ***Köln – a city many thousands of years *(eons!)* older than so-called "classical Rome." Likewise, the mighty Rhine was the true river Tiber. Those who have falsified our past with untold fictions favorable to the papal knaves have reversed the true nature of things. They have propagated the phony narrative that *Colonia Agrippina* became the city of ***Köln***, when in fact it was the Italian city of "Rome" that was the colony! Likewise, the patron goddess of "Rome," Rhea Silvia, was taken from *Freya* (*Frhea*, hence *Rhea*) the Queen Mother of the Aesir and goddess of the Rhine.

It was one of Freya's sons, Reinhold (known to the Latins as "Remus") who was the true founder of Köln, and, according to his adoring subjects, he was the most beloved of all the Aesir, second only to Baldur in beauty and wisdom. And so Reinhold was truly deserving of the title **"Aesir**.**"** Incidentally, this is where the name **"Caesar"** comes from, which (many centuries later) the Latins applied to their own rulers, most of whom were total degenerates.

In any event, Reinhold ("Defender of the Rhein") was truly a great ruler, wise and benevolent, incredibly well-balanced, as dedicated to peace as he was to war,

the most gracious of hosts, yet as ruthless an adversary as any. Reinhold was as beloved as the Festival of Yule itself – the most sacred time of year for the Germanic peoples. Hence, he was sometimes referred to as "Blessed Yule." This is also where the Roman family name "Iulius" comes from. Hence "Julius Caesar" actually translates as "Yule of the Aesir." The Roman poet-initiate Virgil was well aware of all this yet chose to obfuscate the truth in his *Aeneid*. Anyhow, Reinhold – the *true* Aeneas – was indeed one of a kind. *But alas!* Reinhold's reign was cut short when his evil and deformed twin, Röhm, treacherously had him murdered (just as in latter times one of Röhm's descendants would attempt to usurp the power of the Führer). The state was thus thrown into a period of great confusion, and among the people there was great despair.

After Röhm had murdered his brother Reinhold, he usurped the sacred name of the Aesir and instituted a long and vicious reign of terror; his evil dynasty eventually transferred power south to the ultramontane region beyond the Alps, where the half-animal people dwelled in teeming numbers. From among these prolific people the traitorous Röhm dynasty could easily replenish its army's strength in the wars it was constantly fighting against the last vestiges of Ario-Germanic resistance, and thus against the very last redoubts of Purity and Light. And so, as the last embers of the Golden Age burned out, as its final remnants

slipped away, so too did the Germanic lands and its People north of the snow-white Alps slip away into a deep dark slumber, like Sleeping Beauty. Forcibly removed from the his-storical record, the Ario-Germans retreated ever deeper into the primeval forests of their youth – deeper and deeper into the Northern lands of their most ancient and venerable Hyperborean ancestors.

Adept: Master, does this Great Retreat of the Germans correspond to the time when the "classical Romans" began their historical rise?

Master: No, that would come much later, in the Age of Aires/Mars, the Ram, "Rama" – hence *Roma*. Long before all this, however, the people – or rather, the half-people – who would become the "classical Romans" were still *semi-human*, with an incredibly barbaric babble for a language; perhaps it was Basque or Libyan, or some other indecipherable African dialect. The majority of what would become the "Latin" tongue came from the North, and it had a civilizing effect on these southerners, who at this point were still little more than apes. Many of today's Sicilians accurately embody the very first inhabitants of the Italian peninsula.

When the Röhmish dynasty so shamefully abandoned its own people, and permanently settled in the South, the German Master Race (at least among the

Röhmish ranks) was no more. For you see, that ignoble segment of the Race (the Röhmish dynasty) had committed an inexcusable and irreversible criminal act: it had mixed with the half-animal men, thereby polluting the Blood and its sacred Memory. Then of course the German language was intermixed with the barbaric speech of the locals.

The two peoples, along with their two languages and cultures, were inorganically combined – and thus both were irreversibly bastardized. For the southerners, this mixing was a good thing, as their blood was now enhanced with better qualities. The Germans, on the other hand, were not as fortunate, as the invaluable purity of their blood and its immeasurable qualities, along with the powers it held, were no more. The blood was now polluted, sullied, mongrelized beyond redemption. At any rate, the products of this unholy union were what we today call the Latin/Italic peoples and the Latin language. Originally, these "Latins" were called the *Lassen* – an old German word denoting a class of people that were of an intrinsically lower quality, a mixed race. As Meister von List informed his disciples more than a century ago: "These Ladini consisted of all sorts of mixed people (prisoners of war of all countries), which gradually by its mass became master over the first three privileged castes of the [classical] Romans [which is to say the *Röhmischen*]

both politically and linguistically."[†††] The term *mischling* (meaning "mixed race") also stems from the word *Röhmisch*, which in olden times was sometimes pronounced (or mispronounced) as *Röhmischling* – again denoting the mixed race origin of the Röhmish masses.

Still today, the highest-ranking members of the priesthood in Rome, alongside their pope, know all of this – they know the true origin of their people, their language and their harlot-city. This knowledge is kept hidden deep within the forbidden vaults of their so-called "Vatican library"; and access is granted only to an elite few. Their papist rituals, and even their language, are all intended to harness the energy of the noble Germanic Race, but for evil intentions rather than good – for essentially vampiric and cannibalistic purposes. For example, the most popular Catholic ritual, of drinking the blood and eating the flesh, has nothing at all to do with the fictitious "Jesus" figure, nor does this ritual trace its origin exclusively to the cult of Mithras, as many assume – no, these two traditions developed quite recently in the overall progression (which is to say *degeneration*) of the Iron Age. Rather, the "blood" and the "flesh" refer *originally* to the blood and flesh of the Ario-Germanic Race, and in particular to that which was so savagely hacked out of the bodies of Baldur and Reinhold – two

[†††] List, Guido von. *The Rita of the Ario-Germanen*. N.p.: The 55 Club, 2015, p. 89.

examples of beautiful, majestic Aryan God-men, ignominiously betrayed and murdered by the shameless villains Loki and Röhm.

The Latin language also plays a large role in harnessing this occult energy, as the Vatican is well aware. And even though so-called "church Latin" is but a pidgin of a pidgin tongue ("classical Latin"), the higher-ups in the Church hierarchy understand that the Germanic structure of Latin – which is to say, Latin's aristocratic essence inherited from the purer German language – played an inestimable role in transferring the balance of power from North to South, Light to Dark, Spirit to Religion, Quality to Quantity, or as the Catholics say: *Mass*. So indeed, the Latin language is crucial in fulfilling the dark deeds of the papists.

Another secret which many do not know, and which the pre-programmed drones of Zion will never accept, is that Latin is the original "Proto-Indo-European" language, much older than Greek and even Sanskrit. This is reflected in the striking similarity that exists between Latin and the "reconstructed" – which is to say, *fictitious* – Proto-Indo-European "mother tongue."

From Latin, the next two languages to develop were most certainly Sanskrit and "Proto-Baltic." Latin and its derivatives thus spread in all directions. All the while, German remained in its North European cradle, getting ever more marginalized by the now teeming "Indo-Europeans" – and clearly, German is the least "Indo-European" sounding of all the languages in this

grouping. The reason for this is simple: German is the sole, original Ur-language of the Ario-Germanic Race. All other "Indo-European" languages are mere bastardizations of the original Mother Tongue; just as the speakers of these languages are racial bastards in varying degrees. This is where your modern "white" people come from: a mongrelized "Indo-European" root; slavish and materialistic they are; robotic, just like the infernal root from whence they came. In truth, there is nothing really "white" about them – simply look around you; observe their faces, their words and their deeds. True Aryans, on the other hand, come strictly from the Germanic Master Root. True Aryans are indeed "pure as the driven snow," and thus "White" in the greatest sense of the term. Do you see the difference, my young apprentice?

***Adept**:* Yes, Master. I see.

***Master**:* Good, then see and hear the rest of what I will tell you. The German Master Race, the highest caste of Aryans – known also as the *Herrenvolk* and *Heldenvolk* (the term "Hellenes" is a bastardization of these terms) – had been systematically hunted and outbred by the inferior Indo-European masses as the latter gained more and more ground through the centuries. The Germans were continually being encircled by a diverse assortment of peoples, each of which possessed varying levels of Aryan (and thus

non-Aryan) blood. Closest to the Germans, with respect to blood purity, were the noble *Tuatha Dé Danann* – the highest caste of the Germanic descended Kelts or *Kelten*. These people were also hunted down by the beast-men.

Great wars ensued down to the common era – none of them were as the *his-story* books report, as *his-story* is always written and re-written by Liars, and only seldom by true victors. In these wars, ever greater numbers of Germans fell heroically or else were forced to flee further northwards.

Then came Hermann/Arminius who reversed the luckless German Fate for nearly 2,000 years. In terms of human greatness, and even among the semi-divine, Hermann the Cherusker was second only to One – yes, Hermann/Arminius was in fact the reverse side of the One who is the First and the Last, the Alpha and Hagal, Total Man, the Sacred Eight…

Adept: But Master, when you spoke earlier of past Germanic greatness, occurring long before the Great Retreat of our People, before Sleeping Beauty fell asleep – where are the material traces of this glorious past within the borders of the German Heimatland? Other than the mystical Externsteine, what visible proof is there? Where are the brick and marble temples, the triumphal arches and columns, the stone roads leading to magnificent theaters – where are our Pantheons and Colosseums?

***Master**:* You won't find them, nor should you wish to. For if it is "visible proof" you seek, become a lawyer – and then you will have joined the demonic ranks of Rome-Judea. But as for the Germans of that primordial time you reference, when our Volk truly reigned supreme, they were still semi-etheric beings totally at one with Nature. True Supermen, they did not need so much as thatched roofs to keep their heads dry, let alone gigantic buildings made of such inferior materials as concrete, brick, and marble. Today's steel and glass skyscrapers are even more an abomination to our noble ancestors! The Germans of that bygone Age were truly a *Herrenvolk* – a lone People among a wild assortment of barnyard beasts. They did not require many of the things we take for granted today: clothing shelter, fire, sex… even food, water and air – *all trivialities!* All unnecessary *things* for the Ascended.

***Adept**:* Master, do such a People still exist?

***Master**:* Yes, but not here. Only within the Earth, inside the mountains, in hidden ashrams at the polar extremities – the gateways to higher dimensions. They are still there, and they wait. Our People used to know and remember all of the things which I have now told you. But alas! The Blood Memory, the *Minne*, has nearly run dry… and fast does it fade.

The dastardly Charlemagne, another weapon-forging Carl working on behalf of his Judeo-Papal masters, with an arsenal of lies and deceit behind him, singlehandedly dealt our Volk the most fatal blow. For he ripped our People's memories right out from the roots of their souls, the very same way he ripped the sacred trees out of our most hallowed groves, with axe and spade, and not least of all with terms: *The Capitularies of Paderborn* (false pride of the Vatican!). This deadly document demanded the physical destruction of a Race, the desecration of its Culture, and the deletion of its Past. But for the strength of Wotan, this well-planned genocidal scheme would have triumphed. It almost did triumph…

***Adept**:* Almost?

***Master**:* …

***Adept**:* Master?

***Master**:* That is all for today, my son. The Man to Come already knows these things, and yet so much more will he be able to tell us one day. Perhaps you are He… and I just an ignorant fool… Come, let us meditate.

NAZI DIS-ILLUSION

NAZI Initiates, blessed Elect,
EHREANS disillusioned with false reality,
hear these, my parting words!
Only a ghost is real in a cybernetic realm,
where the Golem's said not to exist;
and where the love of God is dead,
only a dog stays True – *a dog!*
The inverted god, duty-bound like Anubis,
seeking his household's divinity
by the reciprocal scales of justice,
pining for that one loyal soul
filled with affection for all eternity –
mortal this soul could never be.

And yet We, the Dead of Germania,
honor-bound like the noble hound,
know a thing or two of Loyalty –
We, the Bearers of the sacred Totenkopf,
yet live because our spirits are long dead
to this wayward world.
And so we pledge our bodies in solemn fealty,
to grow the Race,
just as raindrops shed their form,
to grow the crops.

Our enemies below are all the rust;

easily they break our watery shells,
but soon thy relentless *Kampfgeist*,
thy warrior spirit shall win the Day,
causing all foes to disintegrate,
to be blown away,
as so much dust in the wind.

Yes, thine enemies are but lost bits of scrap metal,
among the heaping ruins of modernity,
simulating life with no chance of transcendence,
self-replicating but already obsolete;
demonic biotechnic cadavers, evil to the core,
as to "live" in this world is "evil" spelt backwards;
and so, their life is found only here
among cyborgs –
ziobotic drones of the mother-ship "Matrix."

Yes, on this dense plane the robotic ones thrive,
(the nightmare of Ezra Pound!),
with fiat paper and plastic usury in hand,
dual marks of the Mammon Beast, JOVE,
Supreme Plagiarist of cosmos and sacred text,
feasting on the energy it's given –
now vomiting a Tabernacle of plague
through combustion;
that kaftan-clad, par-Hasidic Force
of explosive destruction,
antithesis-foe of the Aryan God within…

Now come ye Latter,
Who gains by implosion, ye
Centripetal force of All-Creation,
whirling at ever higher speeds,
defying false reality
like an anti-gravity dervish.
With flaming sword single-handed,
Kalki slays the illusory curse of Maya,
that Witch! –
revealing the only true state of existence:

NAZI DIS-ILLUSION

And so it is, all ye Watchers
and Walkers of the Dawn,
that such a horribly ended battle
is yet a successful spirit-quest –
Yes, Father! My bright Morning Star…

"We'll win yet."

"… a New Race of Man is coming, being manifest, being born unto beings, but the New Race is unlike humanity, it is unlike any race, it is an Old Race from another place… the Old Race has been awakened by the distress calls of a distant star..."

– Karl Young, *Third Reich Pilgrim*